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THE DAY OF THE PEOPLE
 Kingly Autocracy Is Disappearing, but We Must Beware of Every Other Kind of Tyranny

THE task begun in the French Revolution is nearing completion. It might be said the task begun by the Declaration of Independence, for that was really the modern beginning of the revolt of the people against autocracy. But it was the French Revolution that tried the imagination of the idealists of the old world. It was of it that Wordsworth wrote:

There was it then to be alive,
 But to be young was very heaven.

The dream of youth is liberty, fraternity and equality. This was the cry of the revolutionists. The rule of privilege in France, the assertion by the few of their right to control the many and to make them serve their whims, was decried by the men who overthrew Louis XVI. The right of every man to live his own life, in his own way was asserted in the midst of riot and bloodshed.

But this was only the beginning. There were popular revolts in other European countries growing out of the increasing dissatisfaction of the people with the oppressions of the privileged classes. But they did not accomplish a great deal, for these countries were not yet ready to govern themselves. They had to be governed. This is not a statement of a political theory, but of a historical fact. It is one of the truisms of history that every nation and every city has the kind of government for which it is fitted and with which it is reasonably contented. As soon as the majority of the people anywhere have intelligence enough and political sense enough to overthrow their oppressors those oppressors are overthrown. So long as they are content they submit to misrule. This explains Russia, where for years the revolutionary party consisted of a small handful of intellectuals who in no way represented the great mass of the population loyal to the Great White Czar. It explains the conditions that have prevailed in Germany and in Austria-Hungary for a century more or less.

But the passing years have broadened the vision of the average man on the continent. They have educated him. They have fired him with the ambition to be his own master and not the mere vassal or serf of a hereditary overlord. And now the seeds planted during the French Revolution, more than a hundred years ago, are coming to fruition.

These are great days to be alive, as Wordsworth said of the days when the French dethroned their king. No more momentous things have happened since the beginning of time than those which are in progress at the present time. Autocracy has been destroyed in Russia, and the people are learning in the hard school of experience how to exercise their new powers. They will blunder and stumble many times, but in the end there will grow up a great people inspired with the living spirit of democracy. Autocracy has seen its last days in Austria-Hungary, and the nations deprived of their liberties there are taking possession of them in their own name and not in the name of any king, prince or potentate. In the German empire the Emperor is surrendering the powers which made him an autocrat and is begging that he be allowed to retain his titles and an honorary position at the head of the nation. Whether this wish will be granted or not is still to be determined. But the time when a king can say, "The State, it is I," or can speak without blasphemy of "me and God," are ended never to dawn again on this whirling planet.

These are, indeed, great days in which to be alive. The youth who will live to see the outcome during the next fifty years are to be envied. It will fall to them in Europe and, to a lesser degree, on this side of the ocean, to complete the work that has been begun and to make sure the foundations on which Governments built on the people's will are to rest.

But political autocracy is not the only form of misrule that is doomed. Along with the revolt against czars and emperors there are heard the rumblings of revolt against industrial autocracy. The tyranny of the great employers of labor, the desire of the capitalists to dominate the world for their selfish interests, the eagerness of labor leaders to set up a privileged class within the industrial world to which consumer and employer must pay tribute are all forces which threaten the future of the social structure. They must be resisted as firmly as the awakened people of Europe have resisted the autocracy of their hereditary rulers.

There is even threat of industrial revolution, with seizure in other countries of the property of the "capitalist class," such as has occurred in Russia. But this is a threat to set up the autocracy of a large social group for that of a small family group, and must be resisted as vigorously and as persistently. Even though this industrial group should include a majority of society, its tyranny is none the less repugnant than the tyranny of the minority. There is no justification in law or in morals for tyranny of any kind. So while we are rejoicing at the end of hereditary autocracy on the other side of the ocean we must be on the alert to fight the evil of autocracy in whatever form it may manifest itself here at home.

THE CHAFFING DISH
 The Dove Train En Route
 From Our Special Correspondent
 On Board Special Train With the German Peace Delegation November 6

I CONSIDER myself peculiarly fortunate in having been invited to accompany the German delegation that left Berlin this afternoon on the To Marshal Foch's Headquarters for Peace Sailing Special Train. General Gruenell, General Winterfeld, Admiral Meurer and Admiral Hintze, the appointed commissioners, were escorted to the train by Ludendorff and Hindenburg, who waved them an enthusiastic farewell. The latter gentlemen were plainly much relieved that the unpleasant task had not been delegated to them. Foch Hintze in particular was in the blackest spirits. He wore a specially designed uniform of field-gray sackcloth, olive branches embroidered on his collar and with a little tab on the chest to conceal his Iron Cross. "Good luck, old boy!" shouted Hindy as the train pulled out. "Come back summa cum laude!"

"Summa cum laudum, more likely," muttered the admiral.

THIS German Government, with its customary foresight, has evidently planned the Peace Sailing Special Train in advance and all its appointments are admirable and skillfully devised. It is painted white throughout, even the locomotive; the cars are enameled in white with a decoration of doves, from which the special derives its name of Taube-Zug (Dove Train). I notice, however, that beneath the white enamel it is heavily armored in case of accidents.

The first car is the Wagon for the Recuperation of Envoys, provided with every appliance known to German science for reviving the delegates after the shock of hearing Marshal Foch's terms. Hot and cold shower baths, electric belts, hot-water bottles, mustard plasters, massage tables and colored lithographs of the sausage industry are all in readiness to resuscitate the drooping spirits of the delegates.

The second car is the Pullman for the Consideration of Relevant Reading Matter. In this vehicle are shelved all the volumes that the delegates may need for reference. I noticed a Life of Colonel House, a History of Princeton University, a Blue Book of St. Helena and a card index of President Wilson's speeches. There is also a thick bundle of clippings of a certain editorial in the New York Times, but I do not observe that the eminent passengers derive very startling comfort from any of these data. They have spent much of the journey up to the present in outchasing each other on Mr. Wilson's speeches, and Admiral Hintze is very nearly letter perfect by now. General Gruenell, with the book before him, asks Hintze something like this: "The United States her own will upon another people to impose could disdain," when did he say that?" To which the Admiral replies promptly, "To the Congress, on February 11. Ask me another."

I MUST admit that the envoys were a little taken aback to learn that in the Speisewagen or Dining Car only vegetable food had been provided. The German Government, very wisely wishing its representatives to arrive at Foch's headquarters in as cool-blooded and pacific a frame of mind as possible, arranged that during the expedition the delegates should consume no ferocious meats. Pea soup, powdered eggs and barley water are the staples of every meal, with a little weak tea.

After dinner this evening the envoys retired to the Car for Brooding Upon Approaching Humiliation. This car was upholstered in black leather, with a decoration composed of brass handles and wreaths of immortelles under glass globes. A phonograph geared to an axle of the car played the Marseillaise without ceasing, and at one end of the saloon a number of seamstresses were hard at work sewing up the largest white flag ever made. Admiral Hintze attempted to enliven the evening by reading aloud a chapter from Mr. Gerard's book "My Four Years in Germany," but all were agreed that the pastime was a failure.

AFTER dinner tonight we retired to the Car for the Repeating of Military Etiquette and General Gruenell put us all through a brief drill in heel-clicking and bowing. It is very important, he thinks, that when his party reaches Foch's headquarters they should make a favorable impression. Accordingly he took the part of Foch, and each one of us had to approach, be presented to him, click heels in form (concealing his Iron Cross with the left hand) and utter a French phrase. I watched General Winterfeld go through his paces, and though I did not think much of his accent as he grumbled "Zsacharmy de vourcher," it seemed to me that he did fairly well. I questioned him about it, hoping to pick up some good stuff for readers of The Chaffing Dish, but he was in a morose mood. "The thing that bothers me," he said, "is how I am going to be able to look that man Foch in the eye. I've been studying his picture, and it seems to me that he doesn't look military at all. He looks far too gentle and domestic. He doesn't wear his uniform with the proper swank. Now suppose when I meet him I should automatically reprimand him for slovenly carriage? Do you think that would defer a just peace and add to the amount of the indemnity? And suppose my French should desert me and I couldn't think of anything to say?"

"General," I said, "if I were you I wouldn't worry about saying anything. I would just take the papers and beat it."

I MUST bring this dispatch to an end, for the train is nearing the Rhine and the delegates are getting a bit worried about Allied aircraft. They are liberating white pigeons from each car every minute or so, a large stock of these birds having been brought along in a baggage van at the end of the train (which also carries the reserve supply of auxiliary verbs). But personally I think this is very risky, as the birds fluttering out in the darkness look like puffs of shrapnel smoke. In case anything should happen, please remit payment for this article to my widow, care of my German embassy, Berlin.

RUSSIA: THE NEXT PROBLEM
 WHEN the Bolshevik Government in Russia sent a request for "peace negotiations" to the Allies this week it had, of course, no hope or expectation that the expeditionary forces operating in Siberia would be limited. The Red leaders were indulging in a shrewd method of propaganda. They were angling for the sympathies and the attention of sentimental radicals in Europe and in the United States. The request from Moscow, however, must serve to draw general attention once again to fantastic complications of affairs in what was once the Czar's empire.

There has been some ugly fighting between the Bolshevik troops and the Allied forces in eastern Russia. The Government like our own, which sincerely desire to befriend the Russian people, are thus in the position of making war upon the troops which represent the only visible government in Russia. There are the counter-revolutionary governments at Omsk and in the north, but they are little more than aspirations at the present hour.

Such civil organization as exists in the country at large is controlled by the Bolsheviks, and often it appears that the sympathies of most of the misguided peasants are with the Soviets that the Allies have pledged themselves to eliminate. We are not permitted to have actual and dependable information of all that is going on in Russia. For months there has been no Associated Press correspondent in the country. Such news as passes the borders is relayed through neutral countries, and it is tainted too frequently by the ignorance or the prejudices of those who translate and transmit it. The western world cannot know whether the Allies are making friends or foes of the mass of Russians. Only one thing is plain, and that is that Russia is certain to be in the near future almost as exacting a problem as Germany used to be.

When peace is declared the world will become suddenly and actually conscious of the perils inherent in the Russian confusion. Russia will present a long vista of tangled interests, of great forces in violent opposition, of great aims defied and great principles perverted and complicated by passions, hatreds, ignorance and faith. Those who have to make peace in Russia will have to deal with raw chaos. The hand itself is equally inviting to those who wish to benefit the human race by unselfish service and those opposed to them who would resort to the old methods of perfidious diplomacy to make the future Russia a happy hunting ground for despoters and a breeding place for future strife.

The Allies have already performed a great service for the Russians in the elimination of the menace of the German and Austrian agencies of corruption. Finland, which was ready to act as one of the arteries for German "infiltration" in Russia, and the Ukraine, which was bent upon a similar service, are changing their minds as swiftly as they made them up. But Russia remains as an empire unrealized, incalculably rich in all the natural resources essential to wealth and civilization. Russia has enough minerals and oils for half a world. It is an untouched treasure house of unmined gold. If its fields were tilled it could feed Europe. It is a land to tempt even ordinary honest statesmen from the ways of justice and righteousness. And until the future course of events in Russia is decided the elimination of German autocracy will not be adequate to assure the world of permanent peace.



THE GOWNSMAN

"The Honor System" Once More

"COINCIDENCE with the influenza, the honor system has broken out at the University; but happily, in a mild form, little likely to prove contagious. It is not, as reported in some of the newspapers, taking its although it has been persistently exposed to it for years. It would seem that the 'navy' is still suffering under a mild form of this distemper, caught from the Wharton School; but drastic measures have prevented its spread to the 'army.'" So runs the news.

"AND what, pray, is the honor system?" An innocent reader, it is a booby device to escape the alleged humiliation incident to writing an examination paper in the presence of an instructor; or, to translate into the familiar language of sport, a contrivance not to cheat during a particular period, a childlike expedient for the usual recreational offender. Transferred from the schoolroom to the community at large, it would mean the abolition of the policeman, because the virtuous feel it a personal reproach to question the universal honesty of mankind.

DONORS is commonly less a matter of morals than a matter of mischief. To outwit authority, to take dangerous risks and win, to gain a reputation for cleverness, to escape the intervals of the price of a ruble, to say nothing of scholarship. What healthy boy will not repudiate the notion that he is a "dip?" Learning comes incidentally to him in the intervals of sport, if it is to come at all. His real life is that with his fellows, happy outlaws in the Sherwood Forest of youth, and pranking against the constituted authority of the schoolmaster Sheriff of Nottingham meet only approval in his irresponsible world. It is unhappy to retain, even in early manhood, the elemental notions of the hoodlum ethics of boyhood—its discourtesy, unfairness, rudeness, egotism, selfishness.

IT IS, then, vastly to the credit of student bodies, in universities and colleges all over the country, that they should have sought some means to better conditions in the matter of honesty at examinations, by seeking to arouse in their fellows a sense of responsibility and the need of leaving the primitive morality of the secondary schools. The desire to be rid of "the watcher," too, is not unnatural or unjustified, as the presence, the mere existence of him, is a patient in that he had waited long for the payment of certain bills due him for habituating this splendid man about town; sagacious in that he had been careful to take Sheridan's note as evidence of the money due, after repeated excuses always ending: "Jenkins, you see, I really have no money."

"Good evening, Mr. Sheridan," said Jenkins, advancing, note in hand. "You have often told me, sir, that you would pay me if you had the money, and that I should have the first money that came in. I see, sir, that tonight you are happily provided."

"My dear Jenkins," said Sheridan, "this money is not mine. I lost it last night at Brooks's to Mr. Fox and I am counting it out to pay it over to him. You have my note there in your hand, written security that you will get your money. Mr. Fox has only my word as a gentleman for security. A gentleman's word must take precedence of his own."

Sheridan, I am now on an equality with the great Mr. Fox, and respectfully urge the priority of your debt to me." He was paid at once and Sheridan, as between two men of honor, waived the acceptance of a receipt.

A LOW grade tradesman-moralist named Franklyn once said: "Honesty is the best policy." Honesty can be taught other low grade tradesmen only in that way. Honesty is not a quality due to the man you are dealing with; it is a quality which you owe to yourself, to your self-respect as a man. Honesty is as obviously necessary, if the world is to go on, as cleanliness; and to make a merit of honesty is like boasting of having cleaned your teeth this morning, or of having risen superior to a temptation, to appear in the streets sans epaulettes. "Honor among thieves" is another old saying; there is need of honor and of a "system" of honor among those who are not habitually honest. There is no need of such a system where men have grown out of childhood, small politics, luncheon and the sharp practices of mere money-getting.

BUT there will always be a need for the policeman; though no honest man—possibly outside of Philadelphia—dared fear him. He is for the man of arrested development who has not learned even that dishonesty does not pay; he is for the exceptional evildoer whose dog could burst in a flock of chickens and his owner enjoy their volpinage.

IRA K. THAYER.
 Crum Lynne, Pa., November 4.

THE READER'S VIEWPOINT

Appreciation

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
 Sir—So many times since last spring I have been tempted to tell you how much I am one of many—have enjoyed the fine literary notes which the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER rings for us from time to time, that I really do not see why I should resist any longer. It seems to me to have given us the only editorial page to which the readers of our local dailies can really look forward.

Quite seriously I look back to one number of your EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER—it contained a delightful review by Arnold Bennett, along with Mrs. Storer's article on Guynemer and a number of other good things—as quite the best edition of a Philadelphia newspaper I have ever seen.

KATHERINE BREGY.
 Philadelphia, November 5.

Dogs

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
 Sir—My first love was a dog. My sincerest regret is his death. My greatest disappointment, the pictures of prize winners at dog shows. Why do they have to take the dog out of a dog to make him a prize winner? They taxed the owner of a dog. That was all right. But to make a dog wear a tag, perform a collar—a hiding place for fleas—oh, when was our Board of Health? When I see a dog dragged by a silver chain by a dainty maid I am glad my dog died before the days of dog Kultur and lived in the days when a dog could burst in a flock of chickens and his owner enjoy their volpinage.

IRA K. THAYER.
 Crum Lynne, Pa., November 4.

Why Not?

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
 Sir—In connection with the recent order not to spit on the streets or sidewalk, nor sweep the dirt from the pavements without sprinkling, why is it that Independence Square should not carefully live up to all regulations?

I notice morning after morning men sweeping the walks, creating equisidular dust, causing germs to fly in the air. Why not sprinkle? A READER.
 Philadelphia, November 5.

We have been eating spaghetti by the furrows these past days to celebrate Italy's triumph.

Apropos of the defeat of J. Ham Lewis, the licking of a "whip" seems to have been interpreted in Illinois as a case of the punishment fitting the crime.

The President has given us the tip that Foch's interview with the German deputies in the field is certain to be pointed, and with two of the points specially sharpened at Versailles.

The Danube and Salt Rivers are open to navigation almost simultaneously.

Harmony in the Andes

THE reported unanimity of opinion of the Peruvian and Chilean press on the Allied policy toward Germany may seem somewhat distantly connected with the world-redemption plans for which America and the Allies are fighting. This remoteness, however, is more superficially apparent than real. Peru and Chile in agreement on any subject is an epoch-making event in South America.

What happened in Sarajevo in 1914 was considered far, far aloof from our conditions in the Latin republics of our continent cannot, therefore, be justified. The concord of these two democracies in question may indeed exert an auspicious effect on the endurance of world peace.

Peru-Chilean ructions have flared up persistently, often to the verge of armed strife, ever since the terribly bloody war of 1878-1880, in which the valuable nitrate provinces of Tacna and Arica were lost to the Lima Government. Victorious Chile promised a plebiscite to the inhabitants to be taken after a ten-year occupation. But no voting on this nationality problem was ever authorized.

South America, in a sense, has had its Alamo-Lorraine and the peace of the Pacific coast has been constantly menaced. If Lima and Santiago can now take the same stand concerning the world-war situation a prospect of harmony regarding their own long disturbing dispute is conceivable. There is an excellent reason for this.

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ**
1. What celebrated patriot in the French Revolution is the name of the French ship which has just been taken from the Germans?
 2. What is the first name of Gulliver, whose imaginary and fantastic travels were first serialized in Dean Swift's satire?
 3. Who is the Swiss minister to the United States, who was the first to resign his post because of German concerns the armistice was delivered?
 4. What State does Champ Clark represent in the House of Representatives?
 5. What is the name of the part of the Meuse River which flows across Holland?
 6. The familiar phrase, "Fraise from Sir Hubert's prelate index," is incorrect. What is the correct form of this quotation and who was the author of this quotation and who was the author of this quotation?
 7. What is a lute?
 8. What is a haversack?
 9. What is the meaning of the Latin expression "facile princeps"?
 10. What is the oldest city in the United States?
- Answers to Yesterday's Quiz**
1. General Diaz comes from Nanticoke.
 2. The Battle of Sedan was fought on September 1, 1870.
 3. A haversack is the number of votes over the next highest candidate.
 4. The name of the part of the Meuse River which flows across Holland is the Meuse River which flows across Holland.
 5. Marcus Skaal was a noted Hungarian sculptor. His date was 1822-1902.
 6. Fraise (Fras) is the name of the prelate index, the compiler and editor was a Pope.
 7. A lute is a lute.
 8. A haversack is a haversack.
 9. Facile princeps is the name of the Latin expression "facile princeps".
 10. The oldest city in the United States is St. Augustine, Florida.

PLACE IS IN SIGHT

IT IS to be presumed that Berlin has carefully considered all of the terms of peace and armistice dictated in the correspondence with President Wilson. The departure of an armistice commission from the German capital to the western front yesterday must appear in the light of all precedent as indicating more or less than a preliminary to complete surrender under the lash. It is inconceivable that even so unimaginative a person as a German diplomat could think of returning at this juncture from such a mission with any hope of revivifying a prostrate and anguished people.

Mr. Wilson's most recent note, conveying the additional provisions defined by the council at Versailles, was doubtless received in Germany before it was published in the United States. There are indications which make it appear that a special train was waiting with steam up at Berlin and that the melancholy armistice commission was tucked within it waiting only the word that Foch had been authorized to receive them. Unless all signs be, Germany is ready to quit cold. That she will emerge without the Hohenzollerns is also becoming clearly evident. Under the conditions defined by Mr. Wilson and the additional terms specified at Versailles and the iron-harsh rules certain to be dictated by Foch, Germany will be as hapless and even more abject than Bulgaria, Turkey or Austria.

It may be only a few days until the fighting ends—until the German autocracy remains only a memory in one part of the world and, among Germans themselves, a stupendous crime to be atoned for by years of sacrifice and humiliation.

RESPECTING LIBERTY'S SHRINE

THE Philadelphia chapter of the American Institute of Architects is richly entitled to the gratitude of all patriots for its respectful and effective surroundings of Independence Hall in accordance with the original appearance of that shrine of freedom.

The restoration—even by well-intentioned means—of historic structures has often led to painful blunders. Rafael Contreras, despite his assiduous labors, has been severely criticized for his retouching of the fragile arabesques of Granada's Jewel-like Alhambra. Nor has Viollet-le-Duc's remade Carcassonne escaped the antiquarian's lament.

But the offenses here cited are as mere peccadilloes compared with those from which the State House in its time has suffered. At the suggestion, alleged to have been made by the impetuous "Abe" English, a "dummy" clock, whose painted hands were as stationary as its soul was mute, was actually once attached to the west wall of America's cradle of self-determination! The act seems mythical and yet the annals of the Ashbridge Administration attest the truth of this, with many other astounding performances.

The two wings of the main building, with their arched thoroughfares, are less retrievable than that stuffy temple. The failure of their too avidly redolent bricks to impart the antique flavor may, however, be partly forgiven in view of their indication of the original plan.

But the sincerity of the new-old roof, not painstakingly completed, is happily unmeasurable. It sets an admirable precedent for future operations on the venerable palladium. They should be entrusted, as these latest ones have been, to reverential and intelligent artists.

WOMAN'S MIND

PROFESSIONAL joke founders, the heavers of puns, carpenters of the polished wheeze and solemn architects of weighty axioms, will toy in certainties with the knowledge that Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, changed her mind an instant before she cast her first ballot in New York. "I changed it in the booth," placidly said Mrs. Catt.

Now, it would be easy to say a bright thing or two about this new and conspicuous demonstration of the most ancient of feminine prerogatives. But we prefer to hesitate and remove our hat instead.

Who looking twice at this interesting circumstance, will not recognize, in the changing mind of a woman voter, a virtue hitherto unknown to the painfully fastidious type of franchised male, who has been so long so used to waver at election time that he has made it a habit to

A FREE AND HONEST OCEAN

THOUGH freedom of the seas is a phrase which will probably be profusely analyzed by international lawyers before the peace negotiations are wound up, there are certain ship captains who need no Grotius to inspire their answers. One of those happy skipper's turned on his deck lights a few days ago and sailed the ocean freely and fearlessly as in the honest days of old America. "Old Man" had the

Behind the Barriers of Fame

Caesar Ritz, the international hotelkeeper, who has just died in Lucerne, was one of those odd individuals whom publicity actually makes obscure. The omnipresence of his name seemed to belie his personality. Thomas Cook and Karl Baedeker were similarly enshrouded by the ubiquity of placarding, while as to the C. Mackintosh, he of the spacious overcoat—who can regard that humanitarian individual as anything but a myth? There is something decidedly quaint in the thought of advertising as an armor of privacy.

Be Patient

There has been nothing in the news from Versailles to indicate whether a firing squad, jail or vaudeville will get the Kaiser.

It Seems to Have Been Some 'How' in Missouri

It looks as if the revised celebration of Sedan Day would fall hereafter in November.

It Was kind of the President to reassure Rumania

It was kind of the President to reassure Rumania, but in view of the procession of certain hints to Marshal Foch's headquarters, was Mr. Wilson's note anything like as necessary as it you please.